

Punch Almanack

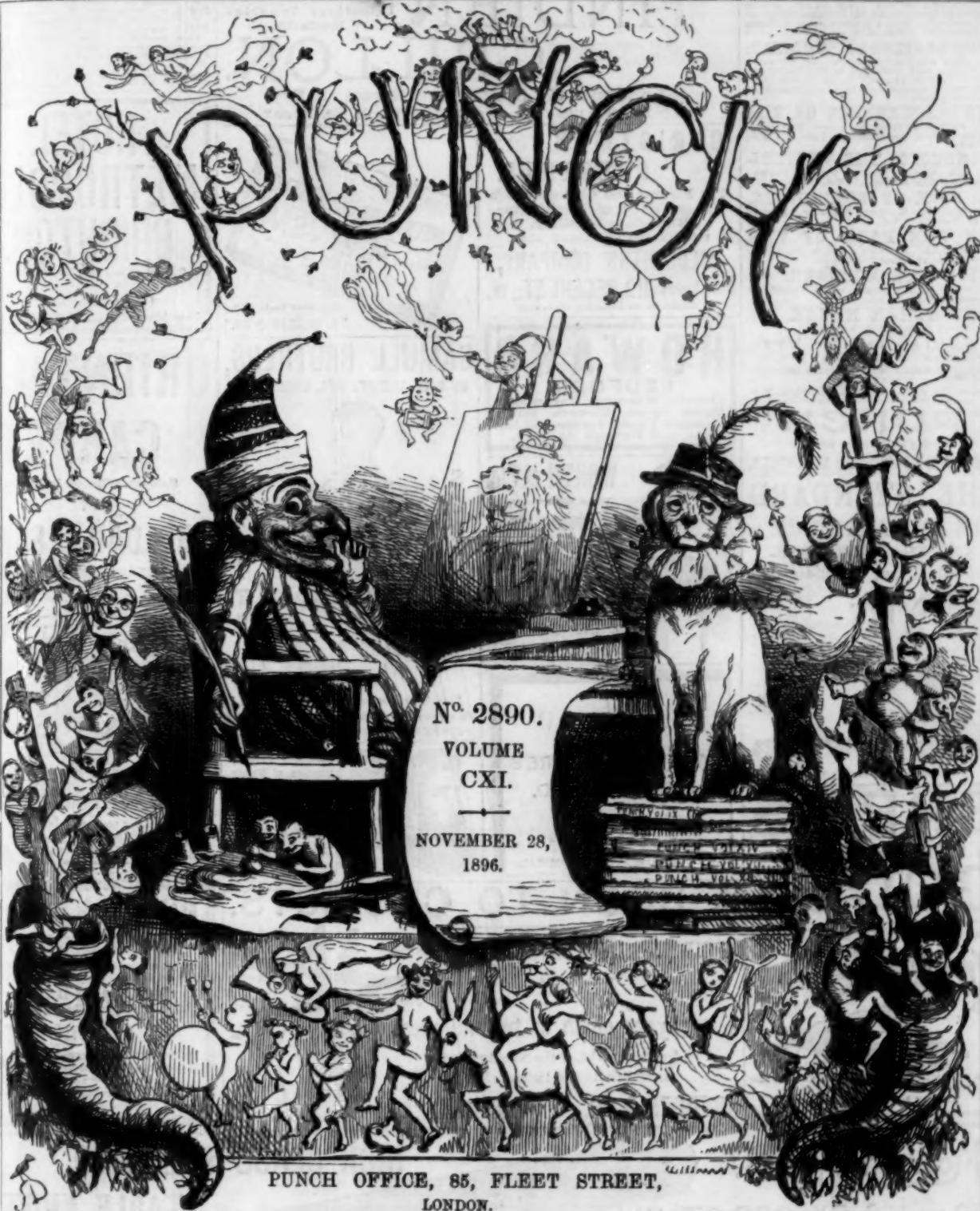
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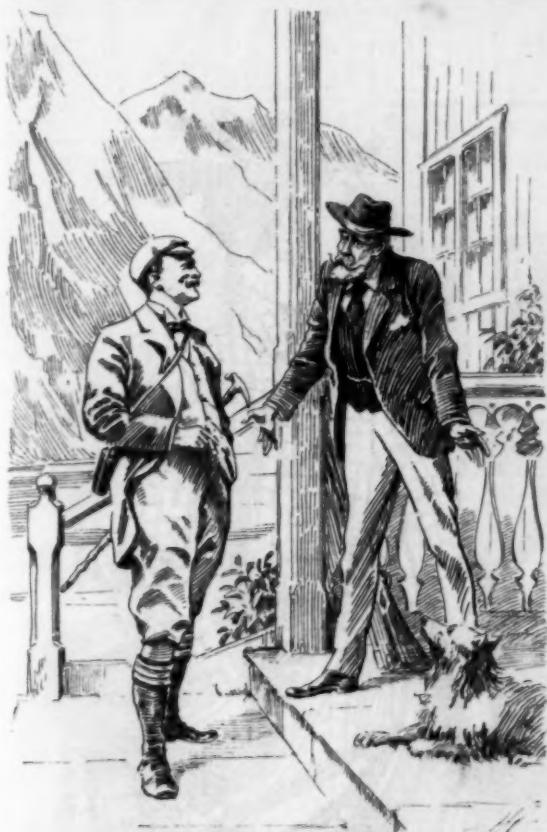
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OVERHEARD NEAR BERGEN.

Norwegian Hott (whose English is not perfect—to British Tourist).
“WHAT THAT I TELL YOU, SARE, IT IS QUITE TRUE. NANSEN
KILLED HIS LAST DOG TO SAVE THE OTHERS!”

LETTERS OF MARJORIE AND GLADYS.

I.—THE DECLINE OF FLIRTATION.

MY DEAR GLADYS.—I had not heard from you for so long—not, indeed, since the sad termination of your last engagement—that I was quite struck by the casual, inconsequent tone of your letter, and still more by the calm flippancy with which you express the surprising opinion that “flirtation is gradually dying out.”

I know there is much to be said for this view, and without going as far as a young friend of mine, who recently declared the only lady-killer of modern times was the unpopular character known to contemporary history as “Jack the Ripper,” I admit I do perceive a slight falling-off in the number of those young men who were formerly classed as “mashers”; a decline in the quality and quantity of the tame cat. The Don Juan is rather shy than wild, and the *jeune premier* in general is extremely rare (and dreadfully spoilt in consequence). It is quite unusual, nowadays, to find a young man who lives for ladies’ favour. Where is the rush at dances to secure the envied hand of the belle of the ball? Is there such a thing, now, as the belle of a ball? I think not. In France, they attribute this decline to the increasing charms of the bicycle. But what do the French know about flirtation? Flirtation is an essentially English product (in America, it is too frequently liable to degenerate into mere friendship); and, though the French imitate us now, there seems to me always something a little depressing, even a little sinister, in a Parisian’s mode of carrying on what he calls “*un flirt*” with an English girl. I doubt if an English girl ever quite realises his point of view.

But to speak of it as a quaint old custom, surviving merely on Margate Pier and in the Kensington Town Hall, is to ex-

aggerate dreadfully. Especially it is not for you to make such an assertion, you, who spend your spare time in collecting all the most frivolous living exponents of the art. You forget that I watched, through the opera-glasses of friendly interest, your somewhat breathless gallop through your last season. You left me gasping at the immense strides you have made since you came out, at your caprices, your fickleness. There was a time when you liked one young man better than the others for a month, or even more; now, one musical afternoon is the average duration, and a couple of dinner-parties the limit. And then, your reasons for your preferences. They are as futile as your excuses for giving them up. You liked Dr. VERNON “because you heard he took cocaine,” and threw him over because he was “too thin and too fond of jewellery.” You became inseparable friends with young MONTFORD for nearly a whole evening, because you had been told “he had naturally curly hair that was artificially straightened out.” When you found out that the iron had never entered into his hair you dropped him at once, on the trivial pretext that he sent you some roses, and that you are “tired of roses.” Tired of roses! at twenty! Sometimes the reason for your sympathy is the same one as the reason for your coldness. You took a fancy to CARRINGTON “because he wore a black ribbon watch-chain,” and you gave up CARRINGTON “because he wore a black ribbon watch-chain.” Indeed, ever since your engagement with that serious young man, ORIEL, who left England under a cloud, for which his father had to provide the silver lining. I observe that your admirers become more and more of a trivial type. Two points in common are to be found in them all, whatever their variety—either they are called REGGIE, or they are Secretaries. In extreme cases, they are both. They all do nothing, and think they know everything; they are constantly being photographed, frequently in some sentimental difficulty, and complain a good deal to one another of the “wearingness” of being faithful to five people at once. Marriage never even occurs to them, and since, I suppose, you have not given up the idea—not thinking a Humber a sufficient substitute for a husband—I should strongly advise you to turn your thoughts, soon, in a different direction. But when you write again, please don’t complain of the decline of flirtation; the lament, from you, has so hollow a sound. Rather, give me instead some instances of the new methods, your own and your friends’. I have not kept up with the movement of late, and I have been told that you have reached a high level of artistic merit. But do be more serious!

Your affectionate friend,

MARJORIE.

CANINE SAGACITY.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A PUPPY!

DEAR SIR.—My little son (AUGUSTUS, aged four-and-a-half) was left in a room by himself, about three days ago. He found two or three stray lucifer matches, and proceeded to strike them for his own amusement. I happened to reach one of the doorways leading into the apartment just as he had succeeded in burning his first match. Imagine my dismay—and thankfulness! Before, however, I could say a word, or step forward, another actor appeared upon the scene—a young St. Bernard (named *Squelch*) which had not hitherto shown marked intelligence. He saw the danger, and decided upon action as promptly as any human being could have done under the circumstances. With a blow of his paw he knocked the remaining matches from the hands of my little son. The latter has a spirit of his own, and not understanding the wisdom and kindness which dictated the dog’s action, endeavoured pell-mell to recover his playthings. Now comes the supreme interest of the story! Seeing that he was likely to be foiled in his benevolent purpose, the devoted animal deliberately chewed up and swallowed the remaining matches! thereby preventing all further risk to the child at considerable inconvenience to himself!

I read with much interest a letter which appeared exactly a year ago in your columns about a dog who unselfishly presented his mistress with his best bone; but I think you will agree with me that *Squelch* has broken the record. He has shown decided signs of seediness for the last day or two, undoubtedly due to the harmful nature of the chemicals absorbed into his system. Yet the noble dog must have been aware at the time that such unnatural diet was bound to disagree with him—yet he never faltered. Believe me, Sir,

Yours ever,

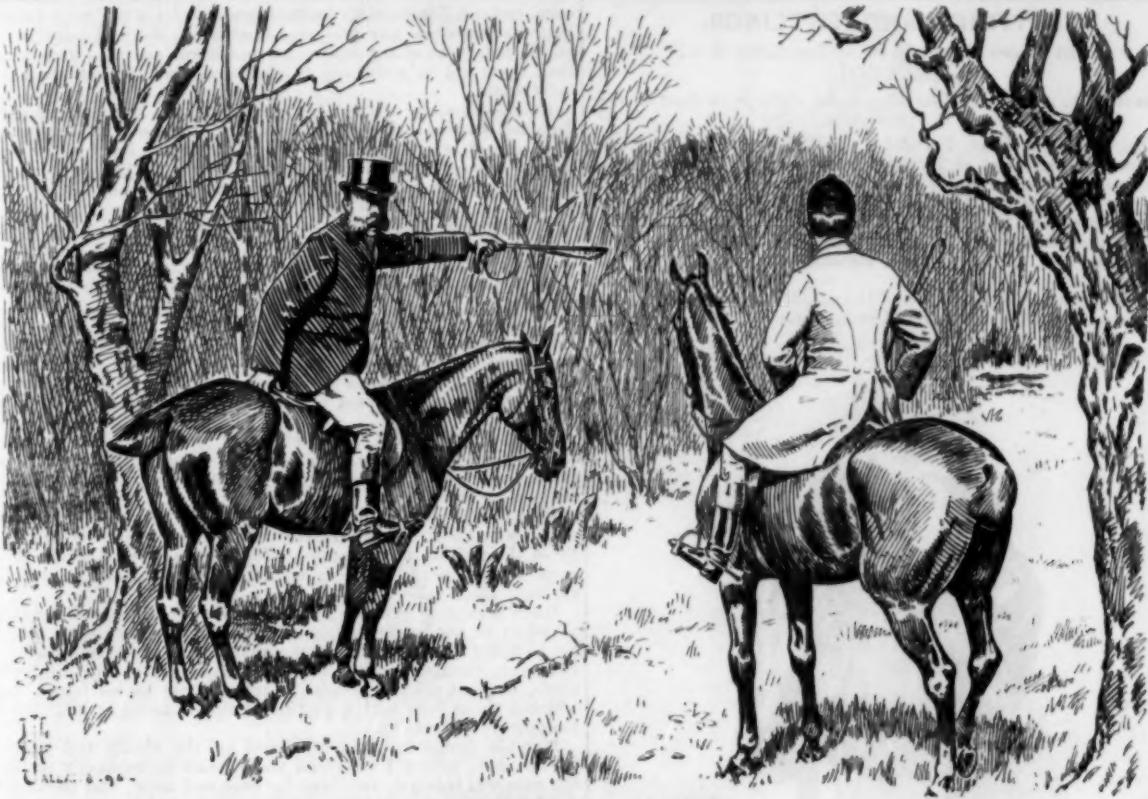
A THANKFUL PARENT.

DESCRIPTIVE DEFINITION OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE SUMMER TERM.
—“*Backs, et præterea nil.*”



"CREDE EXPERTO."

Mr. Gladstone (to Prince Bismarck). "TAKE MY ADVICE, PRINCE. DO AS I DO, AND STICK TO POST-CARDS!"



(LEADEN) HALL MARKED.

Notorious Covert Owner. "THERE HE GOES, MY LORD! ISN'T HE A BEAUTY?"

Noble Master. "H'M—YES. A FINE FOX. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL YOUR KEEPER TO PICK THE STRAW OUT OF HIS BRUSH?"

THE OLD ROCKET-CASE.

[BISMARCK, who calls himself "the old rocket-case in the Sachsenwald," is reported to have said that old age, in the country, when the physical powers no longer permit the saddle and the chase, is a depressing fate, and he is sorry he had not taken a house in Berlin and received his friends daily in genial converse.]

The Teuton Titan ruminates:—

CAPTAIN MORRIS was right! I feel chock-full of spleen.

"A cow on a common, a goose on a green,"

Mean boredom incarnate, to one of my mood.

There's rust in my iron, there's ice in my blood!

Blood and iron? Ach, *Himmel!* I might be a lath
Painted iron—like CECIL, and impotent wrath
Stirs my blood—into biliousness. Who cares to stop
Effervescence, when harmless as cheap ginger-pop?

A regular old rocket-case, void, fizzled out,
Like a woman grown old, or a man with the gout.
Who says "up like a rocket, and down like its stick"?
He'll see—if he comes within reach of my kick!

Pyrotechnics! Ach! mighty poor substitutes, those,
For gunpowder—in guns, or the sword's slashing blows.
Ah, MOLTKE, old Silence, you're happiest, far.
Not tempted, like me, to mere tongue-wagger's war!

A firework Sedan! Why, that is but a show
For JOHN BULL's Crystal Palace; a fiz-pig tableau,
To make boys blare and bellow, and old ladies gasp.
Oh, memory, "You're dowered with a sting like an asp!"

Yet fireworks, well handled, may frighten. At least,
Upset old women diplomats, scared at their feast
Like BELSHAZZAR the fool. That last cracker was fine!
A squib, for a moment, may seem like a mine!

But Sachsenwald solitudes tempt one to—sin.
"Oh! give me the sweet, shady side of"—Berlin.

Mad MORRIS again! Yet he was not so mad.
There is Tophet for strength on the shelf. Which is sad.

Old age in the country, *sans* saddle, or chase,
Is like—Ithaca's rest to Ulysses—*my* case!
The Dr. WATTS twaddlers, no doubt, in far lands,
Hint that Satan finds mischief for my idle hands.

The doits! Could I trip them, like ARNTM.—Ah well!
If Count HARRY were here, he might hint that a cell
Was his foeman's desert full as much as his own.
Ach! Minnows make mouths at a triton o'erthrown.

O'erthrown! As though Etna could e'er be destroyed
Save by its own fires! True, if those were employed
In volcanic self-wreck!—Faugh! My care is so slight
For the babblers who hint this. Yet—*how if they're right?*
[Left brooding.

Our Christmas Game Bag.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Yet the gentle Italian "Attracto" hardly suggests a new and exciting method of fishing on the table. For explanation, C. W. FAULKNER & Co., who publish them, have added a stock English translation of "catch 'em." Another enticing amusement known as "Nurky," is somewhat mystifying to the uninitiated; it is an easy method of making ducks and drakes of your money. So simple!

IN THE NORTH EXPRESS.—Astonishment of an affable Lincolnshire squire on inquiring "Do you know what Grantham is celebrated for?" expecting the answer "Gingerbread," to receive the retort from his fellow-passenger, a soured advocate, "Yes; sitting on the Bar!"

A DUCAL LINE.—The Duchess of PORTLAND has, in the Floors Water, captured no less than three salmon. Henceforth she ought to be known as Her Grace of Fishland.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)
No. XXVIII.*Mankletow v. Jabberjee. Notes taken by Mr. Jabberjee in Court during the proceedings.**Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 10.20 A.M.*

THE eventful morn of my trial for Breach of Promise has at length arrived, and I am resolved to jot down on the exterior of my brief such titles as take place. I have taken my seat in Court on one of the benches reserved for long-robed juniors, in my immediate rear being my solicitor, SIDNEY SMARTLE, Esq., who will officiate as my Remembrancer and Friend in Need.

In the Great Hall below I had the pleasure to encounter Miss JESSIMINA and that worthy Madam her Mamma, being prepared



"Fresh as a daisy, and fine as a carrot fresh scraped."

to greet them with effusive kindness, and assure them I was only a hostile in my professional capacity. Whether they were struck with awe by the unaccustomed majesty of my appearance in brand-new wig, bands, &c., in which I am fresh as a daisy, and fine as a carrot fresh scraped, or whether they simply did not recognise me in the disguise of such toggeries, I am not to decide—but they passed by without responding visibly to my salutations.

10.25.—A stout, large Q.C., with luxuriant cheek-whiskers has just entered the row in front. Mister SMARTLE whispers me that this is WITHERINGTON, whom I refused to engage, and who is now in opposition.

I have taken the undue liberty to pluck him by the sleeve and introduce myself in straightforward English style to his honourable notice, acquainting him that his unfortunate client had a very flimsy case, and was not deserving of success, while myself was a meritorious Native Neophyte, whose entire fortune was impaled on a stake, and urging him not to show too windy a temper to such a shorn lamb as his petitioner.

However, he has declined rather peremptorily to lend me his

ears, nor can I induce his learned junior, who is my next neighbour, to show me any fraternal kindness. My said solicitor is highly indignant at my treatment, and warns me in an undertone that I am not to make any further overtures to such stuck-up individuals.

10.30.—Hon'ble Mister Justice HONEYGALL enters in highly dignified fashion. He is of a bland, benignant, and intensely clean aspect, which uplifts my downfallen heart, for it is obvious, from his benevolent and smiling bow to myself that he already feels a paternal interest in my achieving the conquest of my spurs.

The jury are taking the oath. Whether any of my co-contributors to *Punch* are among them I cannot discover, since they do not vouchsafe to encourage me by the freemasonry of even a surreptitious simper. But this is perhaps occasioned by over-prudence.

The learned junior on my right has risen, and in shockingly bald and barren verbiage has stated the issues which are to be tried, and, being evidently no Heaven-born orator, sits abruptly down, completely gravelled for lack of a more copious vocabulary. A poor tongue-tied devil of a chap whom I regard with pity!

WITHERINGTON, Q.C., is addressing the jury. He is not a tongue-tied, but he speaks in a colloquial, commonplace sort of fashion which does not shed a very brilliant lustre upon boasted British advocacy.

Though of an unromantic obesity, it appears from the excessive eulogies he lavishes upon JESSIMINA that he is already the tangled fly in the web of her feminine enchantments. What a pity that such a prominent barrister should be so unskilled in seeing through the female heart!

He is persisting in making most incorrect and uncomplimentary allusions to my underserving self, which it is impossible that I am to suffer without rising to repudiate with voluble indignation! However, though he makes bitter complaints of my interruptions, he does me the honour to refer to me as his friend, for which I thank him with a gratified fervour, assuring him that I reciprocate his esteem.

Hon'ble Judge has just tendered me the kindly and golden advice that, unless I sit down and remain hermetically sealed, the case will infallibly continue for ever and anon, and that I am not to advance my interests by disregarding the customary etiquette of the Bar.

11.5.—JESSIMINA is giving her testimony. Indubitably she has greatly improved in her physical appearance since I was a resident of Porticobello House, and her habiliments are as fashionably ladylike (if not more so) than Miss WEE-WEE's own! Alack! that she should relate her story with so many departures from ordinary veracity. Her pulchritude and well-assumed timidity have captivated even the senile Judge, for, after I have risen and vehemently contradicted her in various unimportant details, he has actually barked at me that, unless I wait until it is my turn to cross-examine he will take some very severe measure with me at the rising of the Court! A pretty specimen of judicial impartiality!

1.30 P.M.—The Court has risen for lunch at the conclusion of a rather severe cross-examination by myself of the fair plaintiff, and, not being oppressed by pangs of hunger, I have leisure to record the result—which, owing to the partisanship of Hon'ble Bench, the disgracefully complicated state of the laws of Evidence, and Miss JESSIMINA's ingenuity in returning entirely wrong answers to my searching interrogatories, did not attain to the sanguine level of my expectations.

For instance, when I asked her whether it was not the fact that I was notoriously deficient in physical courage, she made the unexpected reply that she had not observed it, and that I had frequently described to her my daring achievements in sticking wild pigs and shooting man-eating tigers.

Also she entirely refused to admit that the turquoise and gold ring I had given her was not in token of our betrothal, but merely to compensate her for not being invited as well as myself to a certain fashionable dinner-party; and the Judge (interrupting in the most unwarrantable manner) said that, as he did not understand that I seriously denied the existence of an engagement to marry, he was unable to perceive the bearings of my query.

Again, I reminded her of her mention of the gift of a china model of Poet SHAKESPEARE's birthplace, and required her—on her oath—to answer whether it had not been originally intended for another lady, and whether, having accidentally seated myself upon it, I had not decided to bestow the *disjecta membra* upon herself instead.

To which she replied, with artfully simulated emotion, that all she knew was that I had assured her at the time that the said piece of china had been expressly purchased for herself as a souvenir of my ardent affection, and she had accepted it as such, and carefully restored it with some patent cement.

Before this the Judge had asked me how I could expect the plaintiff to know what was passing in the tortuous recesses of my own mind, and informed her that she need not answer such a ridiculous question unless she pleased. But she did please, and her answer was received with applause, which, however, the Bench perceiving, though tardily, that I was entitled to some protection, did declare in angry tones that it was on no account to be permitted.

Next I inquired whether it was not true that she was of a flirtatious disposition, and addicted to laugh and talk vivaciously with the gentlemen boarders, and whether I had not earnestly remonstrated with her upon such conduct. Here WITHERINGTON, Q.C., bounded on to his feet, and protested that I was not entitled to put this question now, since I had not dared to allege in my letters or pleadings that I had breached my promise owing to any misconduct of plaintiff. But, instead of submitting to such objection, JESSIMINA answered in mellifluous accents that she had never manifested more than ordinary civility towards any gentleman-boarder, but that I had displayed passionate jealousy of them all prior to my engagement—though never since, because she had never afforded the slightest excuse for remonstrances.

Whereupon she was again flooded with tears, which stirred my heart with tender commiseration; for her maidenly distress did only increase her charms to infinity. And the Judge, feeling fatherly sympathy for myself, observed very kindly that I had got my answer, which he hoped might do me much good. For which good wish I thanked him gratefully; and the Court was again dissolved in senseless cachinations!

Next I cross-questioned her as to her refusal of my offer to marry on the ground that I was already the husband of one infant wife, and whether it was not the fact. She responded that I had referred her to Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM for corroboration of my story, and that he had informed her that my said wife was a deceased.

Here I cleverly took the legal objection that what Mr. RAM said was not evidence, and warned her to be careful, while the Hon'ble Judge partly upheld my contention, remarking that it was evidence that a conversation was held, but not of the truth of the facts stated in such conversation, thereby showing clearly that he did not credit her story.

Upon the whole, I am confident that I have at least silenced the guns of WITHERINGTON, Q.C., for upon the conclusion of my cross-examination, he admitted that he had no further questions to ask the plaintiff!

My solicitor says I shall have to buck myself up if I am to reduce the damages to any reasonable amount, and that he had been desirous from the first to brief WITHERINGTON. But this is to croak like a raven, for the cross-examining is, after all, of very minor importance compared to the Gift of the Gab—in which I am notoriously *nulli secundus*.

2.15 P.M.—The Court has returned. WITHERINGTON's Junior has called JESSIMINA's mother, whom I shall presently have the bounden but rather painful duty to cross-examine sharply.

Already I experience serious sinkings in stomach department. *Sursum corda!* I must buck it up.

A BISHOP'S IDEAS ON LADIES' IDEALS.

THE Bishop of HEREFORD, in distributing the prizes at the Redland Girls' High School at Bristol, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, said:—

"There was one ideal against which he ventured to warn young women, especially of the upper and middle classes, viz., the ideal of aping men's fashions and manners. He sometimes saw very smart young ladies in waistcoats and so on, which suggested imitation of men, and he always felt it was a mistake."

Miss MIDDLECRUST is of opinion that this attack comes with a very bad grmee from a smart, middle-aged man who attires himself in "lawn sleeves," an "apron," and "so on," and she would like to know his feelings on that subject.

"THE only Patti Concert" was announced for last Saturday. Would it not have been even more correct to have styled it, "The Concert of 'The Only PATTI'?"

SUGGESTED.—New up-to-date novel by the author of *Carissima*, to be called *Motor-Carissima*, with pedal notes by M.C.C.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. I.

EXAMINATION PAPER

For Candidates for Teachership at our Educational Institutions.

1. Give a short history of cricket during the last two centuries, marking the changes in the game, with special regard to "no-balls."
2. Has any foreigner made a "not out" century? Briefly summarise the exploits of any three Australian batsmen and a prince of Indian extraction.
3. Who were "the three Graces"? Describe the favourite attitude of "the Doctor."
4. What are the rules of football? In what respect does Rugby differ from Association regulations?
5. Write a short essay upon either golf, lawn-tennis, or quoits.
6. What do you know about University sports? Give records of high jump, the one hundred yards, and putting the stone.
7. How would you coach an eight? When should a crew go into training? What should be the diet of a coxswain six weeks before starting on the Thames at Putney?
8. Show by diagram what you should do if the white ball were three inches to the left of the right upper pocket, the red on spot, and you yourself in baulk. Should you play for a cannon or a hazard?
9. What should be the outfit of a public schoolboy? Should he have two pairs of cricketing boots? Give reasons for your answers.
10. Show that athletics are more important than book learning. Why has croquet been described as "the game of girls"?
11. What is your weight? How much do you measure round the chest? How many inches are you above six feet?
12. Finally, if you have time, for the question is optional, and carries no marks, state briefly what you know about Latin and Greek.



HERE COMES SIR CHARLES THISTLEDOWN AND HIS NEWLY-MARRIED WIFE. AND LET PEOPLE SAY HE MARRIED BENEATH HIM!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AUTOMOBILISTIC BRIGHTON.

DEAR MISTER.—The great event of this month here is the inauguration of english automobilism. At Brighton above all one is in the movement, *dans le mouvement*. Naturally the fourteen I desire to see to arrive the fifty-four carriages of which one has spoken, the before-runners of the great changement, the inaugurers of automobilism in England.

Therefore, towards the four hours, I regard by the window of the hotel, and I perceive much of persons who walk themselves by a time of the most frightful. He rains, as at the ordinary in your country at the occasion of any assembly in full air. *Quel climat!* Not only that, but, the sky being covered, he makes himself already obscure, even before the hour of the going to bed of the sun, and also he makes a wind truly frightening, in effect one half-gale. What time for the unhappy automobilists! At cause of the obscurity, and of the crowd, I see not anything from the windows of the hotel, and I am obliged of to endorse my "mackintosh" and of to go out.

Quel temps! Impossible of to hold an umbrella! And in England one carries not a *capuchon* for to cover the head, as in France. However see there much of charming misses, who walk themselves by a time as that, without to trouble themselves, the least of the world, of the rain, of the wind, or of the mud. And what mud—all as at London! Not only young misses, but also old ladies, old ones—*vieillards*—little childs, all are there. Also enormously of bicyclettes and of carriages—"horse-carriages," for he must to distinguish at present. All, excepted the automobiles!

He makes black, but all the world continues of to walk himself at the electric light. And see there, after to have attended during three quarters of an hour, without anything to see excepted the crowd, all to blow, *tout à coup*, I smell an odour of oil—ah but, an odour of the most disheartening, *écurantes!*—and I perceive a little carriage, conducted by a man, in costume of "yachtman," with a droll of bonnet, *galonné* of gold. The little carriage is followed of two other carriages and of two other odours of oil, still more disheartening, and, after some time, of an electric carriage, absolutely without odour. *Voilà tout!* All the world has passed one hour or more by a frightful time, for to

see to arrive four carriages, absolutely covered of mud, and one distinguishes them at pain in the obscurity, excepted by the odour of the oil and by the *racarne* of the mechanism. Truly it is an historic occasion, the inauguration of the carriage of the future, but extremely disagreeable by a so villain time.

Me I am myself horribly enrheued. Since that I have had the grip, the influenza, there in some years, a rheum of brain is a veritable malady for me. *Je me mouche*, I pocket-handkerchief myself, absolutely without cease, *j'éternue éternellement*, I sneeze eternally, I have bad at the head, bad at the throat, bad at the eyes. Ordinarily of a natural enough gay, I become a miserable pessimist, incapable of anything to do. I say all this for to explain for what I write this so longtime after.

But in verity one sees some automobiles at Brighton, and by a superb time, all the days since the fourteen, above all the sixteen—all sorts of carriages, the most part as those that I have already seen at Paris. And all the world speaks but of that. It is that which the English call "a new craziness." Even the respectable and ancient "Chainpier" becomes an automobile, and goes gently towards the east. In fine perhaps the "Pavillon," that drol of palace of GEORGE FOUR, will part also, *en route* to Pekin.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

At a Metropolitan Police Court.

(A Forecast.)

Magistrate (to prisoner). You are accused of stealing two loaves of bread. Have you any defence?

Prisoner. Yes, your worship. I'm a confirmed kleptomaniac when my wife and children are starving.

Magistrate. Have you any reference as to your statement?

Prisoner. Yes, your worship, all the best London doctors and the Home Secretary.

Magistrate. Discharged! Without a stain upon your character! The quality of mercy can never be strained nowadays. It is only diluted.

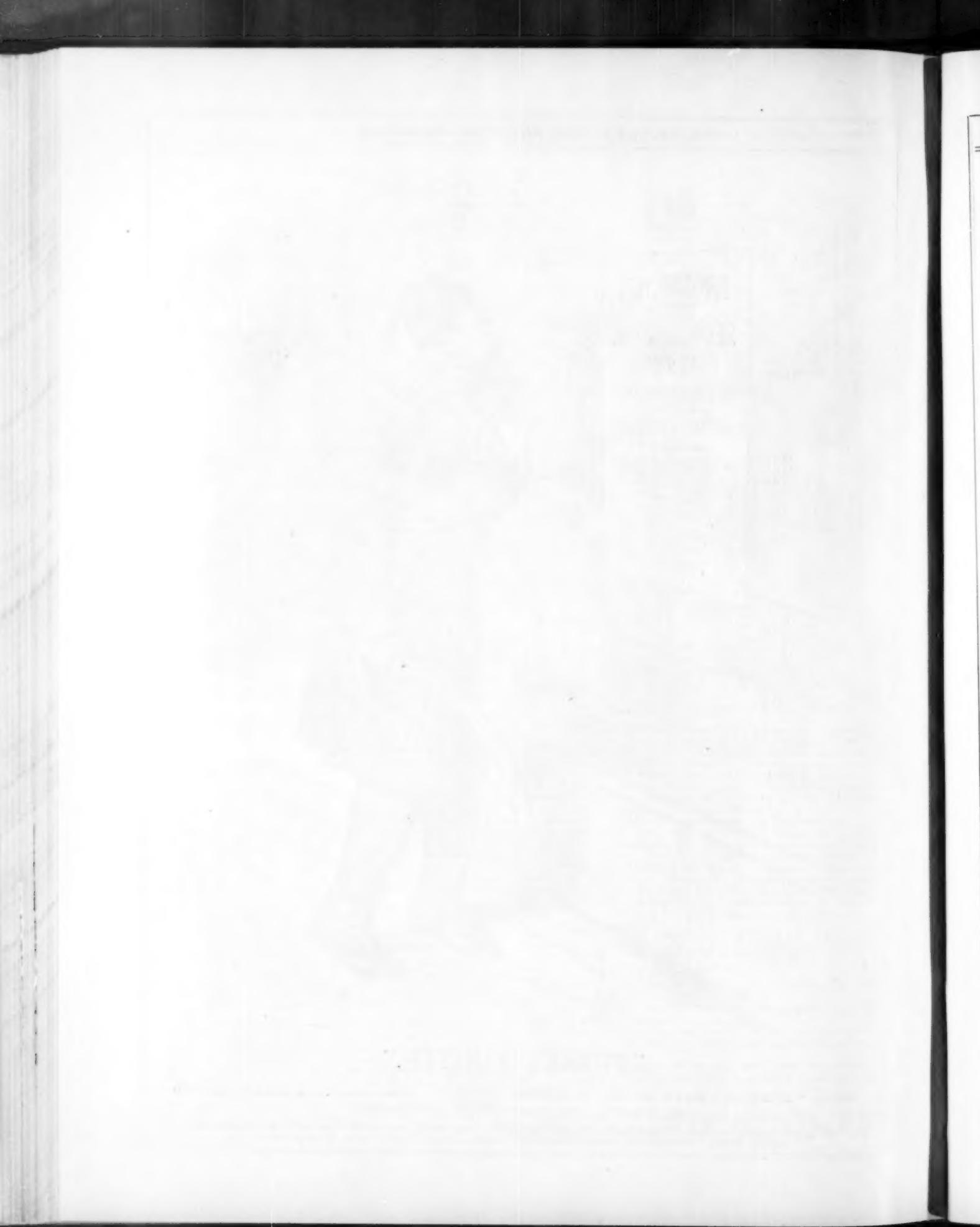
GONE UP ONE.—The *Daily Telegraph* states that Viscount WOLSELEY is to be the guest of the Marquis of ROSEBERRY. Is this the outcome of the Primrose League proclivities?



“TURKEY LIMITED.”

SULTAN. “BISMILLA ! MAKE ME INTO A LIMITED COMPANY ? M'M—AH—SPOSE THEY'LL ALLOW ME TO JOIN THE BOARD AFTER ALLOTMENT !”

[It is reported that “among the proposals” which the Powers have “under serious consideration,” is a scheme for raising a “new Turkish Loan of five millions sterling,” to be applied to the cost of the judiciary, revenue, and police service “under European control.”]





SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIFE among savages is apparently mild compared to the ordinary existence of a schoolboy, especially in *His First Year at School*, by ALFRED WEST (FISHER UNWIN). His time was anything but a peaceful one. "Ragging" and "rotting," with many other modern terms for torture, are suggestive of capital fun, except for the unhappy victim. But the result is effective, the process of evolution admirable through which the namby-pamby individual develops into an every-day youth.

In writing *The Life of Archbishop Magee* (IBISTER), Dr. MACDONNELL has enjoyed the advantage of finding a sequence of letters from the pen of Dr. MAGEE, which, with here and there a deft touch, suffice to tell the story. This is the best way a biography may be written. It is, however, doubtful whether, had Dr. MAGEE been in a position to be consulted, he would have consented to the publication of all the letters which appear in these volumes. There is, for example, one addressed from Spain to his friend Dr. MACDONNELL, then a curate in County Carlow. "If I were in your place," he writes, "I should borrow without scruple for my sermons. It is the only debt a man is not obliged to repay." For an unsophisticated layman like my Baronite this is a little startling. Suppose the analogous case of a journalist preaching his weekly sermon in, say, the *Spectator*. Suppose, in order to fill up his appointed space and earn his apportioned fee, he were to delve out of back numbers articles by other hands, furbish them up to suit time and occasion, and pass them off upon an unsuspecting editor as his own. What would be said of such a sinner in quiet country parishes? Another section of the correspondence which grates upon the sensitive lay mind, unsuspicuous of such things in Rectories and Deaneries, is evidence of hankering after professional promotion. Once MAGEE permitted himself to utter the frankest complaint of a bishop who had been an unconsciously long time dying. "The Bishopric of Meath," he writes, on August 1, 1886, "would, I believe, have been mine had Dr. SINGER's death taken place just three weeks sooner than it did. Three weeks of an exirring and seeying, useless life lay between me and all that a bishopric im-

plies." Whilst this inconsiderate man lingered on, clinging to life with reprehensible selfishness, Earl RUSSELL, who would have promoted the Dean of Cork, was turned out of office, and Lord DRASTY, who had other clerical friends to serve, took his place. Hence these angered tears over the bier of the dallying bishop. From a historical point of view, MAGEE's letters penned during the progress of the fight over the Irish Church Bill are the most interesting and valuable portion of the book. On every page he discloses his inner self, supplying rare opportunity for the study of a man. Occasionally he sums himself up in a phrase. "You will think me," he writes, in April, 1873, "a strangely pugnacious bishop." Three years later he declares, "I ought to have been the editor of a Radical newspaper instead of being a Conservative bishop." If for "ought" we read "might" this is very true. As his career was shaped it was infinitely better. The editor of a Radical paper is a commonplace of humanity as compared with a MAGEE on the Episcopal Bench. The letters will rank among the best in the English language. The sentences follow each other like hammer strokes, each one hitting the nail.

Let us praise heroes. The *Life of Nelson*, by SOUTHEY, brought out by MESSRS. DENT, of the Aldine House. To the neatness and daintiness of the binding of this DENT's production, this in-dent-ure witnesseth.

Powerfully told is the sad story of *A Child of the Jago*, by ARTHUR MORRISON, published by METHUEN. It seems to the Baron as though the author had been inspired to write a modern version of that hideous and squalid part of DICKENS's *Oliver Twist*, in which old Fagin, Bill Sikes, Nancy, Charley Bates, and the Dodger are the principal actors. In the action of the hypocritical "fence" there is also a touch of our old friend "Melter Moas" in TOM TAYLOR's *Ticket-of-Leave Man* who, in the drama, went to the merchant's office to "split" on Bob Brierly, just as *Weechee*, in this tale, ruins the prospects of the unfortunate Dicky Perrott. The flight of the criminal after the murder recalls both that of Bill Sikes and Jonas Chuzzlewit, under similar circumstances. The description of the great fight between *Josh Perrott* and *Billy Leahy* is a master-piece. A glossary of thieves' slang—or the slang of The Jago—ought to appear as appendix. It is horribly, detestably fascinating.

Except that Amyas is true to his *Geraldine*, the story of Sir Amyas, Cavalier, up to a certain point is that of the ballad of *Billy Taylor*, whom his "true love followed after under the name of Richard Carr," disguised as a sailor. So *Geraldine*, disguised as a youthful soldier, follows her lover, Amyas, and becomes his wedded wife while yet "masking as a cornet of the king's horse." The interest of the story ends with the discovery and the marriage, in the middle of the book. After that, all about King CHARLES and OLIVER is *vieux jeu*. Mr. M. H. HERVEY's *Sir Amyas* is to be heard of, in a single readable volume, at the house of one MASTER ARROWSMITH, of Bristol.

CONSTANCE COTTERELL's *Impossible Person*, to be found in FISHER UNWIN's Autonym Library, began as a kind of composite being, something between *Dora Spewlow* and little *Paul Dombey*. Then "Little" ELIZABETH grew up and became another version of *Mrs. David Copperfield* of *Blunderstone Rookery*, who was wearied out of life by *Mr. Murdstone* and his amiable sister *Jane*, here, in this story, represented by *Lucas* and *Elaine*. Yet, those who take up this little book, will thank Miss COTTERELL for a delightful story, and will finish their expression of genuine approbation with the child's usual request, "Now tell us another! do tell us another!" Yes, "tell us another," quoth

THE BARON.

To Princess Charles of Denmark.

(Born November 26, 1869.)

PRINCESS! a birthday-greeting, not
The stereotyped congratulation
That is the wonted fulsome lot
Of those who represent high station.
This from our hearts, good, bright Princess,
Long may you, Danish wed, possess
The love of all your father's nation!

THE NATURAL CREST OF EVERY GOLF CLUB.—The lynx.

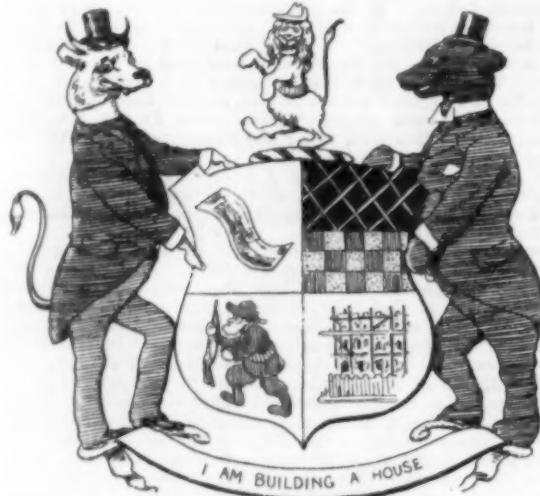
LETT'S calls them "desk or rough diaries." Why "rough," when they are intended for "Gentles all"? Ladies who like to keep strict account of their dressmakers' bills will find these diaries eminently adapted to suit their figures.

THE FAVOURITE OF THE MOTOR-CARS.—Petroleum.

"TO ARMS!"

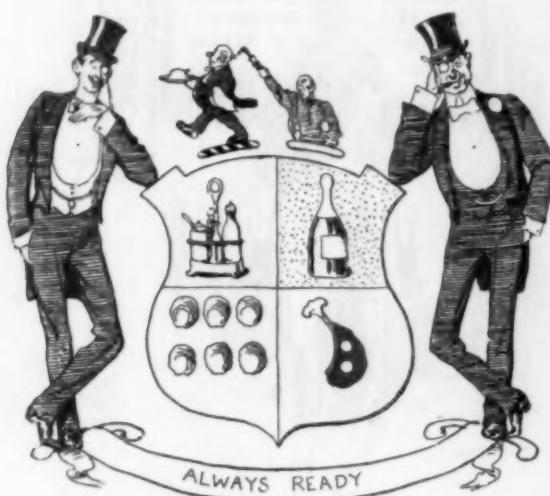
In the *Saturday Review* a writer, signing himself "X," an unknown quantity, has recently started a series of articles headed the "Snobbery of it," in which he shows how certain new men, and some old ones too, ambitiously eager to possess heraldic devices associated with ancient houses and noble lineage, have rushed in where Dukes feared to tread. The title of "X"'s articles might have been more appropriately "Robbery and Snob-

bery Under Arms." But, we ask, why hark back to ancient and well-worn devices? Why not commence a new era? Why not let our Millionaires of the Moment and Newly-Titled Ones send to Mr. Punch's own Heraldic Artist for their arms, which will always be ready to hand on the shortest notice, and for their quarterings, which will be provided "while you wait?" We give a few specimens to start with, and "you will do the rest."



THE EARL OF B-RN-TO.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st (of the month), a regal cheque in advance proper; 2nd, fretty but chequy; 3rd, a Boer rampant and bristled; 4th, grand quarters (in Park Lane), behind heraldic scaffolding a castle garnished all proper. *Crest:* South African Lion rampant ducally gorged or. *Supporters:* Dexter, a bull; sinister, a bear, both proper, plain collared (celluloid) and chained or.



VISCOUNT G-TTI OF THE STRAND.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, argent a cruet charged extra; 2nd, a magnum or très sec; 3rd, six native oyster-shells all passable; 4th, a côtelette de mouton charged twice over. *Crest:* 1st, a waiter passant charged with a salver argent, sinister arm a serviette; 2nd, a demi-customer rampant holding in the sinister hand a parapluie vert. *Supporters:* Two jeunesse dorée flippant regally gorged or.



THE DUKE OF RH-D-S.

Arms: Sable, a British lion trippant, collared, chained, and muzzled, charged with a raid over a bordure all improper bearing the British flag depressed. *Crest:* 1st, a Boer's head couped at the neck; 2nd, a hand grasping a sword sinister. *Supporters:* Dexter, a blackamoor semée of pellets and guttées de sang (Loben)gules; sinister, a Chartered Company trooper gorged with laurels.



BARON M-PLE OF TOTTENHAM COURT.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, five dining-room chairs (a bargain); 2nd, three race-horsesable just rounding Tottenham Court—no, Tottenham Corner; 3rd, a winter sale (at greatly reduced prices) proper; 4th, an art sofa of the very latest, vert, azur, or gules. *Crest:* A pegasus rampant, new wings furnished throughout by M-ple & Co. *Supporters:* Two shop-walkers monstrant frock-coated sable.



OVERHEARD AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

NO CLASS, THESE 'ERE BICYCLERS, IS THEY, CAPTING?"

THE ONE TOPIC.

Old Lady. Yes my dear, it is very interesting. I remember, when I was a girl, going to see the first train pass through Bath, just as you went to see these motor-cars, &c., &c.

Small Boy. Hullo, TOMMY! My guvnor's given me ten bob, and SMITH minor and me are going to make a motor-car, &c., &c.

Old Gentleman. I think I'll take some shares. The papers are full of it. My belief is the motor-cars, &c., &c.

Young Lady. It would have been rippin' if the weather hadn't been so awful. I biked as far as Croydon. I'm awfully keen now on ridin' in a motor-car, &c., &c.

Infant (in a legal sense). I say, you fellows, private hansom's ain't in it. I've just ordered a motor. Take TORIN DE VERA down to Brighton. Rippin' lark! Never told the beastly counter-jumper how old I was. And he can't get anything out of the guvnor. Some bally old judge said fizz is a "necessary," but motor-cars, &c., &c.

Infant (in every sense). Boo-hoo! Don't like dolly. Don't like Nana. Naughty Nana. Me want dada give me a moo-car &c., &c.

Cabman. Wot I arsta is, wot am I a goin' ter do with my bloomin' oss? If these 'ere motor-cars, &c., &c.

Doctor. How about JONES and his pair now? Awful sell for him! Wonder how soon I can leave off jobbing some old screw, and start a motor-car, &c., &c.

Undertaker. A henterprisin' firm must move with the times. Must see about havin' my "Gothic Glass-panelled Necropolitan Motor-car, Registered." That'll fetch 'em, "Gothic" halways does, and now these motor-cars, &c., &c.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An unhappy Swain compares himself to a Candle of ordinary fabrication, and draws a comparison.

Said the candle to the match,
"I am waiting.
If you flash, I cannot catch,
Still I'm waiting.
When you lightly look on me,
I reply with sympathy.
But I'm waiting, waiting, waiting!"

Said the candle to the match,
"I am weary.
You once promised me despatch;
But I'm weary.
I am longing for the flame
That shall change your other name.
But I'm weary, weary, weary!"

Said the candle to the match,
"I am hoping;
Though no glimmer do I catch,
Still I'm hoping.
In the darkness of the night,
Tho' there comes no sign of light,
I am hoping, hoping, hoping!"

Said the candle to the match,
"It is morning.
Lo! the swallow quits the thatch
In the morning.
You have never been to me
As you promised you would be
Fore the morning, morning, morn-
ing.

"I'm the candle in the vale,
Oh, my darling!
And my love can never pale,
Oh, my darling!
But I'd dearly love to know
Why that lamp had such a glow
When you touched it, darling, dar-
ling!"

L. C. C. AS PLAIN AS A B.C.

First Citizen meets *Second Citizen*. They exchange greetings.

First Citizen. I say, aren't you on the London County Council?

Second Citizen. I have that distinguished honour.

First C. Then what's all this to-do in the Works Department?

Second C. There has been grave irregularity, which is being promptly remedied.

First C. Yes, I read that in the newspapers. But what does it all mean?

Second C. That the jobs undertaken by the Council were more expensive than they would have been had they been entrusted to outside contractors.

First C. How did that happen?

Second C. By ignoring the current prices of the labour market.

First C. And where did "the grave irregularity" enter?

Second C. In the preparation of the accounts. The books were undoubtedly cooked and served up with sauce.

First C. Indeed; and was it any particular sauce?

Second C. No, general sauce; or, to be more explicit, "Progressive Sauce."

First C. And yet there was some talk of "profits."

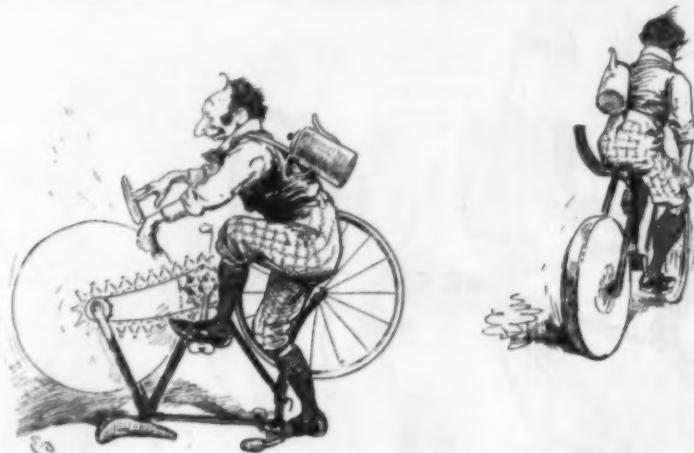
Second C. A misnomer. The "profit" was the difference between the actual cost and an exaggerated over-estimate.

First C. Then the "profit" was merely a disguised loss?

Second C. Quite so, but the first name is prettier than the second.

First C. And when will the ratepayer fully realize this disguised loss?

Second C. When he receives his next note of assessment.



HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

PATENT CONVERTIBLE KNIFE-GRINDING SAFETY.

DARBY JONES AT DERBY.

HONoured Sir.—It has often puzzled me why the Midland Railway Company should have its headquarters at the town which for so many years was associated with the political fame of Mr. SAMUEL PLIMSOUL, Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARBOUR and Sir THOMAS ROE—the latter an eminent authority on soft sawdust. We Londoners, who gaze with awe on the wide-spreading span of St. Pancras Station, frequently forget that the directors, who see no medium between First and Third-class passengers, issue all their edicts from a place whence both the Lord of KNOWSLEY and the Blue Ribbon of the Turf derive their appellations. I confess that I like Derby, quite apart from racing or railway reminiscences. There is a certain air of "Tread on my toes and I'll walk on yours" about the inhabitants. They don't hesitate in their method, they *do* it, as I know to my cost, after inadvertently coming in contact with a citizen whose feet were considerably larger in space than that accorded to most of the Queen's subjects. His language corresponded with his weight carriers. It was very heavy and broad, and I am still dependent on a couple of walking-sticks. Nevertheless, I like Derby, and it was in honour of Sir WALTER SCOTT and the late Lord TENNYSON that I placed my humble "fiver" on *Northern Farmer* for the Chesterfield Nursery Stakes, not a bad solution where no less than a score of two-year-olds were engaged. Albeit, I am strongly averse from this kind of race at the close of the season. Young quadrupeds ought in November to be housed for the winter. Many a promising four-footed performer have I known ruined for life by appearing in public at a time when sensible bipeds are preparing to wing their customary flight to Monte Carlo or Algiers. And surely babies, be they colt or filly, require a little nursing? I notice, honoured Sir, that you (in addition to other superfluous and crude remarks) inquire "Who is the Lovely Lady?" I regret that, consistently with Honour and High Principles, such as have always, I trust, been my Goals in Life, I cannot satisfy your extravagant curiosity as to the Divinity, and was truly inspired by the Blessing of Prophecy at Liverpool. Suffice it to

say that she is fair as an Oleander in the south of France, wise as a rattlesnake of far-distant Florida, and as sagacious as the pig, which, I understand, discovers the luscious truffle for the wanderer interested in the manufacture of Strasburg pies. I must therefore ask you, with all deference to your high status, not to seek to reveal the identity of the Lovely Lady. Your indiscretion in alluding to her has, despite my crippled state, compelled the acquaintance of a Supple Ash plant with the shoulders of an Imprudent Baronet. As they say in the classics, "a little knowledge often makes a dangerous sting." Therefore, as Mr. JOHN HAWKE, the industrious secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, knows to his cost, it is dangerous to be *over curious*. "Herewith I drop the subject" as the *Barbary Ape* said when he handled the over-roasted potato. Like Nansen to the Pole, I now turn to those items in which I know you, Sir, despite your feigned callousness, have an interest second to none. How it has gladdened my heart to watch you surreptitiously hovering about TATTERSALL's Ring, endeavouring to get a better price about your pet fancy than the market justified! I believe that you even shaved on one occasion in order to accomplish your object. With the Manchester Handicap in view I clortle about a small field.

The *Epi-cure* may odds upset,
The *Dale* make *Chat* look small;
A *Belgian river* don't forget,
While *Anne* may beat them all.

I indite the above with the winner of the Derby Cup before my visionary organs. I doubt not that you were delighted with the special wire which I sent you announcing beforehand the victory of *La Sageste*. It was a Christmas present in advance from Your delighted adviser,

DARBY JONES.

[DARBY JONES's absurd remarks with regard to "the Lovely Lady" and our presence at race meetings are beneath contempt, and, from a letter just received, we understand that his encounter with the baronet was far from satisfactory to him. We had no special wire.—ED.]

WESTMINSTER wants to be a corporation. Of course the first mayor will be Westminster "Labby."

IN THE MIDLANDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Will you, like the dear old darling that you are, please tell some of the gentlemen who hunt with us that we are not all New Women. It is very well for Lady HENRY SOMERSET to talk about the equality of the sexes, but I frankly confess that I like a *lead* from one of the *others*. Also, when I get a "spill," as I did the other day, I don't appreciate being left for dead. I really think that the "Manners of Modern Men" would make just as good a subject for discussion in the newspapers as the ways of children. I know that certain of my sisters, who never took anything higher than the platform at St. James's Hall, are responsible for the inattention which we now receive; but, believe me, we, who are (what shall I say?) "Liberal Unionists?" like to be shown that courteous attention which has been our prerogative ever since the world began with the deception of Woman. We don't mind being hurt, but we do hate being *crushed* by neglect. I also know that a great many selfish men dislike our hunting at all. Why, we are born huntresses as our mothers were before us! And when we have run our prey to a satisfactory finish, we treat him with tenderness and often with affection. Only let the young cavaliers not neglect their opportunities. Personally I don't care much about a *gat* being opened, but several of my friends do. They likewise want to be fished out of a brook. Therefore, dear Mr. Punch, ask these sportsmen to remember that the old (I mean metaphorically) Woman still exists, and oblige

Your constant admirer,
DIANA BULFINCH.

Melton Mowbray, November 23.

English as She is Wrote.

NOTICE.

This road is private.
Persons trespassing will be Prosecuted
in consequence of wilful damage having
been done with dogs and otherways.

BY ORDER.

THE above is not a specimen of Chinese punctuation, but the exact copy of a notice-board in Sussex.



THE DELIGHT OF MAMBA BONES ON HEARING THAT KING MENELK GUARANTEES "THE ABSOLUTE INDEPENDENCE OF ETHIOPIA"!

Martell's
"Three Star" Brandy.



WELCOME ALWAYS,
KEEP IT HANDY.
GRANT'S MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY.

DELICIOUS—COMFORTING.
Ask for GRANT'S, and don't be put off with
inferior makes.



POWELL'S
BALSAM
OF
ANISEED.

For COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.
Sold by Chemists throughout the world. No family
should be without it. Paris, Berlin, Roberta, Bogg,
Brussels, Pharmacie Deneire; Geneva, Baker;
Rotterdam, Santen Koff. Established 1844.

Prepared only by
THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN,
HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World.

SUCHARD'S COCOA.

Nature's Choicest.

Goddard's
Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be
the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver,
Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.
Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 12s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.
Of all Stationers, or send stamp to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

"APENTA",
THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT
WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral
Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

COLT'S NEW
DOUBLE-
ACTION 32 CAL.
POCKET REVOLVER

With ejector and solid frame, is the latest
and best pocket revolver made
in America or all others. Price list free. COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,
36, Gt. Marlborough Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH
Co., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class
tobacconists at home and abroad.

ROS BACH
THE BEST TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.
"THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES.

Mild and Fragrant. Manufactured from the Finest Selected Growths of Virginia.



There's no subtler Tobacco comes from Virginia
and no better brand than the THREE CASTLES.—
you'll take to it, bless you, as you grow older.

THE "THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO,

MILD AND FINE CUT (Green Label), specially adapted for Cigarettes.

MEDIUM STRENGTH AND COARSE CUT (Yellow Label), strongly recommended for Pipe Smoking.

Both kinds are sold in 1-oz. and 2-oz. Square Pockets, and 1-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Limited, BRISTOL and LONDON.

LIQUEUR OF THE
C. DE CHARTREUSE.
L. GARNIER

This delicious Liqueur, which
has come so much into public
favour on account of its wonder-
ful properties, among litigation
and travel, is now to be had of all the principal
Wine and Spirit Merchants
throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignees,
W. DOYLE, 38, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

HEERING'S GOLD
MEDAL
COPENHAGEN
CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur.

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Saloon
for Ladies,
with
Lady
Attendant.

It only requires a little practice on the NEW
LITTLE ROAD SKATE to enable anyone who
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speed up to 16 miles an hour.

CAN BE SEEN AND TRIED AT THE
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The best
Baking
Powder
in the
World.

COLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Göttingen Powder" can be
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